, t ^ ^A^sz^n*'----l: "^^BBE"'

" *But souls that of His own good life*
partake,
He lovest as His own Self; dear as
His eyes,
They are to Him. He will never them
forsake ;
When they shall di&, He Himself shall die
;
They Izve, they Izve, in blest Eternity."

Life on earth is no measure of life beyond death, but the highest life here is an unfailing earnest of a still higher life elsewhere. Death gains upon us fast enough, but immortality gains faster still. * The daily death is the death of the flesh which chaiges and decays, and is yet revived without our knowing it. The daily life is the sense of health, growing strength, increasing joy aid assurance in communion with the deathless realities of the Spirit. Called up to life from a thousand forms of decay,—revived, renewed, regenerated day after day, under the EternaFs keeping,—none need fear that the last stage of chaige is without hope or promise.

Furthermore, the whole creation is full of promise of the immortality which God has in store for us. The voice of nature interrogates man, catechises him, asks, *tc* Who art thou, whence coming and whither going? " And his reply,

the reply of all ages, the reply of all countries, the reply of all
nations, has been " I an the child of God, the offspring of His
love ; I an the heir of immortality."
Who would 1 a/e dreamt that this earth as it was started
on its revolution in space around the sun, then a seething
mass of molten minerals enveloped in stea n a *id.* fog, would
be marvellously dressed in beauty aid brightness in due
time aid filled with millions of plaits aid animals ? Who
fiat looks for the first time upon the blackened skeletons of
trees in autumn can think that the vernal blooms will return
once more aid clothe everything in colour aid beauty?
Who that looks for the first time upon the little white or
m3ttled egg cai think that it is the symb3l of sweet song a id
variegated plumage into which that feathered angel, the